

called on to sustain more of the effects of religious malevolence in the way of imprisonments, beatings and stonings, than were endured by any other man of his day.

Mr. Janney's defence of the Early Quakers from the charges of wild extravagance and savage fanaticism is most triumphant. He shows very clearly that Hume and others who have libelled the society on that score did so in the face of truth. His explanations of the doctrines and the discipline of the society are full of candor. He is a distinguished member of that denomination of Christians, and has a most thorough acquaintance with their history and their character, and is withal one of the most careful and conscientious writers of the day. His life of Fox is written without any bias or unfairness, and is perfectly reliable in all its statements. It merits and we hope it may receive a very large circulation, for it cannot fail to do good wherever it goes, to correct error, to remove prejudice, and introduce truthful views of its subject. It is published by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., of Philadelphia, in handsome style to match the author's life of William Penn.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

A MANOR HOUSE.

It is a venerable place,
An old ancestral ground,
So broad the rainbow wholly stands
Within its lordly bound ;
And here the river waits and winds,
By many a wooded mound.

Upon a rise, where single oaks
And clumps of beeches tall
Drop pleasantly their shade beneath,
Half hid amidst them all,
Rests in its quiet dignity
An ancient manor hall.

Far seen through lofty iron gates,
It is a cheerful sight ;
About its many gable ends
The swallows wheel their flight :
The huge fantastic weather vanes
Look happy in the light.

Its ivied turrets seem to love
The murmur of the bees ;
And though this manor hall hath seen
The snow of centuries,
How freshly still it stands amid
Its wealth of swelling trees.

The leafy summer-time is young ;
The yearling lambs are strong ;
The sunlight glance merrily ;
The trees are full of song ;
The valley-loving river flows
Contentedly along.

Embracing all this ancient home,
A host of green hills stand
About the central manor rise
As cheerful as a band

Of happy children round their chief,
Extended hand in hand.

Their shadows from the setting sun
Stretch all across the plain ;
The watch-dog in the silent night
Stops wrangling with his chain,
To hear at every burst of barks
The hills bark back again.

Coventry Patmore.

From the Christian Observer.

THE NARRATIVE OF AN EXPLORER IN SOUTH AFRICA.

By Francis Galton, Esq. Murray : London.

WE notice this work chiefly to express the disappointment we have felt in reading it. The writer is evidently a man of ability, and appears to have a sincere respect for that which is right and good. It is vexatious to find such a man no better employed. We confess ourselves wholly indisposed to encourage expeditions, undertaken chiefly from the love of "sporting" and adventure, into countries where much may be lost, little can be gained, and scarcely the smallest good is likely to be done. We think that men with no higher objects in foreign travel have no right either to risk their lives in a sort of unprofitable vagrancy, or to call upon us to read the details of their wanderings. We venture in our incognito as reviewers, and therefore happily out of gunshot of Mr. Galton's "best rifle," to say, that we see little to choose between a savage who shoots an ox, or even a man, when he wants him for dinner, and a Christian gentleman who shoots everything he meets with, without any such apology. And as to lions and tigers, we must venture to think that they have far better right to their own skins than Mr. Galton has. Till lands are taken possession of for human beings to live in and to cultivate, we are for leaving the "king of the forests," in possession of his own dominion, although, at a later period, and in an inhabited land, he might become almost as troublesome a sovereign as the present Emperor of Russia.

THE TRUTHS OF OLD MYTHOLOGY.—I once began a work with this title, intending to review all creeds, past and present, and to show the universal existence of primitive postdiluvian tradition ; the Hindoo, the Grecian, the Scandinavian Trinities ; the Deluge ; remembered in Mexico and Hindostan ; even to the dove and the number saved. I should have reviewed the degraded worship of the race of Ham ; cannibalism as a religious rite ; devil homage, and serpent adoration, which still exists in India and Africa, and was visible in Greece, in the emblems of deities, as Mercury and Æsculapius. But I felt my health going ; and one day in Autumn — it was about six o'clock, and sunset beginning — I bound up my MSS., and threw them into an old chest I have in my study, closing it again as one would a coffin-lid on a beloved face, leaving the shaped stones to be formed (perhaps) into a palace by other hands. I could n't go on writing when I saw Death's bony finger following my pen, and obliterating as I wrote.